

Nas, The Don (No DJ)

New York girls Dem A mad ova wi /4x
Nas the Don /8x
In a new york city /4x

Yea.. yea

Smoking a escubano, guzzle my second bottle
Hope I don?t catch a homo (homicide)
Grossing our net
Simultaneously making me climb higher, heinous crimes behind me
Search but can?t find me
Fuck sadness
Had this been you havin? this lavish
Habitual happiness at me you wouldn?t look backwards
You would have sex on condominium roof decks
So anyone move next
I?ll hit you with two techs
Rocking Roberto Cavalli no shirt on convertible Mazy
My Columbiana mommy ridin beside me
Every tat mean something, that?s my word on my body
I?ll have to lean something wit that Mossberg shotty
My niggas is ignant, put lead in yo pigment
Just cuz y?all was mad at all the years I was getting it
In 97 the six
98 the Bentley
Now it?s the Ghost Phantom
And ya?ll can?t stand ?em but?

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In a new york city /4x

Army Jacket swag Army jacket green and black
Wit the square top pocket that snaps
Where the gas at?
Pass that, not you
You hold cracks in your ass crack
I never did that, my sock where my stash was at
Yo I used to listen to that red alert and rap attack
I fell in love with all that poetry I mastered that
Cuttin school with Preme team at phat cat was at
Future not crystal clear yet Baccarat
Now im the one that?s reppin Queens way beyond your wildest dreams
Bottles on bottles with sparklers surround my team
That long cash get the baddest bitches out they jeans
20 years in this game lookin 17
I don?t lean: no codeine, promethazine
I just blow green, pick which bitch to bless the king
Although he?s on to another chapter
Heavy D gave this beat to Salaam for me to rap to
Blaaaah?

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In a new york city /4x

Yeah yeah..
New York is like an Island a big Rikers Island
The cops be out wildin, all I hear is sirens
It?s all about surviving same old two step
Tryna stay alive when
They be out robbin, I been out rhyming
Since born knowledge like prophet Muhammad
Say the ink from a scholar
Worth more than the blood of a martyr
So I?mma

Keep it on til I see billion dollars
Keep your friends close and ya enemies closer
Love model chocha mommy pop it like she suppose to
Eyes red shot like I?m never sober
Big time smoker Indonesian doja
Minis me you can hold up before you get all wet up from my soldiers
Don shit
Under fire I remain on some calm shit
This for every ghetto and the hood
Nas the Don and Supercat the Don Dotta
Understood?

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